

砂の薔薇

デザート・ローズ

File 13: Red Star Gall (5)





TSK!!

CISCO HAS
BEGUN TO PREP-
ARE FOR THE
BLAST!!



CAN YOU
HEAR? WE'RE
ON THE SAME
CHANNEL WITH
JESSICA AND
COLLEEN.

HADE!!
HADE!!



KIT-
CHEN
UTEN-
SE-SU?



AL... BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE
THE COM-
MANDER HAS
STARTED
TAKING IT
APART...

T- THEY ARE
ASKING FOR
A COMS UNIT
AND SOME
KITCHEN
UTENSILS...



MARS AND LIN
ARE TRAPPED IN
AN ELEVATOR
WITH A GALLIF

WHAT
ARE YOU
SPACING
OUT FOR?
HURRY
UP AND
GET THEM
OUTTA
THERE!!



WORTH

THE COMMANDER
AND LIN ARE IN
A STALLED
ELEVATOR BELOW
TAKING APART
A GALL...

JESSICA



OH...AND
IF WE HAD
A BAR
SPOON
THAT
WOULD BE
GOOD.

WE AREN'T GOING
TO OPEN IT OR DO
ANYTHING ELSE TO
IT WITH KITCHEN
UTENSILS...



COM-
MANDER!!!

CAN YOU
HEAR ME?
THIS IS JES-
SICA. TELL
ME WHAT'S
GOING ON.



KITCHEN
UTENSILS?
BAR
SPOON?



WHAT-
EVER
YOU DO,
DON'T
REMOVE
THE IN-
TERFACE
COVER!



I HEARD
ALL THAT
EARLIER...
FROM
COLLEEN.



PARIS AND
RIO ARE ALREADY
GONE. CINCO WAS
ABORTED, AND
MOSCOW IS NO
GURANTEED.

ANYWAY,
HURRY UP AND
GET OUT OF
THERE!! AN
AMATEUR HAS
NO CHANCE
AGAINST THAT
THING.



WELL...NEEED
I HAVE...



YOU ALWAYS
SAY...A BOMB
USER'S
PERSONALITY
COMES OUT
IN THE
BOMBS HE
MAKES...

ah
ah



AND HE'S SURE
WE CAN'T DO IT.
WHAT'S FRIGHT-
ENING ABOUT
THESE BOMBS...

HE'S
BASICALLY
CHAL-
LENGING
US TO
DEFUSE
THEM...

BY GIVING
US TWELVE
HOURS TO
DEFUSE THE
BOMBS,



TO ME IT
SEEMS...THE
TRUE PURPOSE
OF GAIL...

IS THAT THEY TICKLE
THE PRIDE OF YOU
PROFESSIONAL BOMB
DEFUSERS.



...UH...



IS TO
STOP THE
CONFIDENCE
FROM PRIDE
THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD...









THE
COMMANDER...
IS TRYING
IT OUT...

NO...THERE
ARE TWO LEFT.
THERE'S ANOTHER
IN AN ELEVATOR...



IF HE JUST...
SHOUTED "HA-HA"
AND YANKED IT
OUT ALL AT ONCE,
IT WOULDN'T
EXPLODE,
RIGHT?

MR...
HAYES
SQ.



THAT WIRING...
MUST BE
ATTACHED TO
THE PRINCE.

SAY...
COMMANDER...
I'VE
BEEN
THINKING...



WITH THIS
YOU'VE TAKEN
OUT FIVE HUN-
DRED GRAMS...
ONLY...TWO
KILOS TO GO...



I FEEL LIKE I'M
REMOVING ALL
THE SAND FROM
A DESERT.





WE'RE
CUTTING IT
CLOSE...



IN TWO
HOURS...
ONE THIRD...







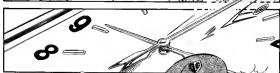
















A SPECIAL
UNIT? NO...
A PRIVATE
COMPANY
CALLED
CAT...AND THE
AGENTS ARE
ALL GIRLS.

OFFICE
LADIES IN
BATTLE
DRESS
GAVE THE
GIRLS A
WHIPPING.

UN-UN...NO
EXPLOSION.
TELL GRY-
PHON THAT
MINIBATTION
TOOK OUT HIS
BOMBS.

MISSION AC-
COMPLISHED!!
—O'DOORES—
THAT'S A
WRAP!!